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No. 19.

What's the Use.

By J. H. Kehoe.

ADOLPH E. REIM,

Publisher,

MILWAUKEE, - WISCONSIN.

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A SKETCH

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MRS. GREENE.
MISS KATE.
MR. GREENE.
MAGGIE.
MISS MABEL.
TIME—16 *to* 17 *minutes.*

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WHAT'S THE USE.

(*Enter* KATE, *hangs wraps on rack, looks over mail on* GREENE'S *desk, finds one for self, reads*).

"Dearest Kate:—Meet me to-night at the same old place and at the same time. I won't say more now. I think I'll have the courage to tell you the rest to-night. Good-bye until then. Bushels of love, yours Jack." Dear old Jack. I wonder if he will have the nerve — it's a pity his eyes can't take his tongue's part for a few moments and then he might be able to tell me. But I know, just the same, but I'll make him tell it if it takes another two years. (*Seriously*). (*Sits at her desk*). I wonder if he would love me if he knew the game I am playing with Greene. I don't know but that I would rather settle down in a nice little flat with Jack and his 20 a week— (*'Phone rings, arises and goes to* GREENE'S *desk to answer*). "Hello, yes, no, he hasn't come down yet. Yes, I'll tell him—good-bye." (*Hangs up*). Gee, but she's a sassy piece!

(*Enter* GREENE).

Greene—Good morning, Kitty.

K.—Good morning. You look like the reflection of a big night. Your wifie has just called up, seems to be real angry about something. Better have the 'phone examined, I'll bet she burnt a fuse.

G.—Well I am not surprised that she's a little off. I neglected to go home last night. Well, here's where I make Annanias look like a George Washington! (*Takes 'phone*). "Hello Central, give me North 7297. Hello, is that you dear, — now dear, I couldn't help it, we had a full meeting, I mean the whole board met last night."

K—(*Aside*). Board meeting 1. Give me 3 cards please.

G.—"Yes, but dear, I missed the last train so decided to stay at the club. Now, be a good girl, dear — come down and I'll take you

out to lunch — all right, good-bye, sweetheart." (*Hangs up*). I'm glad that's out of my system. Say, Kate, but I had some time last night and maybe I don't feel it this morning. Don't you think a little song would make me feel better?

K.—What! here in the office?

G.—Oh, that won't matter.

Song—

G.—That's fine, I do feel better, guess I'll tackle the mail. (*'phone rings, G. answers*). "Hello, yes dear, won't be down for lunch? All right dear, I'll be home early for dinner—good-bye. (*Opens 4 or 5 letters*). Bills, bills, nothing but bills. Say Kitty, affairs have come to a climax. I've got to have money.

K.—Why don't you tell your troubles to your darling wife? She inherited a cool million didn't she?

G.—Yes, and it's done me about as much as if it had been ten dollars.

K.—You once told me you would have it in thirty days after you married her.

G.—Yes, I did make such a boast, but I was sadly mistaken. Why, the way she holds on to that money, she makes Hetty Green look like a spendthrift. She thinks I make barrels of money and her million is only a nest egg for a rainy day; and, if she only knew it, it has been raining ever since we were married and from the present forecast there will be more rain and prospects of a flood. But, I'll concoct a scheme yet, get a couple hundred thousand and——

K.—Then what?

G.—Well, we will put a "To let" sign on the door and you and I will buy a one way ticket for a voyage over the sea of love. (*Embrace*).

(*Enter* MAGGIE *with bucket and mop*).

Maggie—Ahem,— (*G. & K. break away and jump to desks, become very busy*).

M.—Jes go ahead, don't mind me, I've been there.

G.—What do you want?

M.—Nothing.

G.—Well, get out of here then!

M.—And I won't. I'm going to clean up this office.

G.—So, you are the new scrub girl? Well, get through and get out of here — we are busy.

M.—(*Grinning*). Yes, very, when I first come in.

K.—The sassy thing!

G.—None of that — get through and get out of here. (*Resumes work*).

(M. *wipes back and legs of chairs with cloth, sits in chairs, whisks around and sweeps dust off seat with skirt, gets on knees down center and scrubs floor singing in high cracked voice*).

G.—What's the matter with that voice?

M.—I had it corrugated.

G.—I think you did; it sounds slightly twisted.

(M. *resumes scrubbing, humming tune*).

G.—(*Goes to Kate's desk to dictate letter, sees Kodak on her desk, picks it up*). Where did you get this?

K.—I am going to take some flashlights of my room to-night, let me take your picture?

G.—No, let me take yours. I have it, let's have them taken together!

K.—But who will take it?

G.—That's right! Say, Nordica, think you could take a picture?

M.—I kin try. (*Arises*).

G.—All right. But Kitty, have you any flashlight cartridges?

K.—Yes, I have some right here. (*Gives him one*).

(G. *places koduk on tripod up center, puts cartridge on top, arranges two chairs center facing kodak, gives* M. *gas lighter*).

G.—Now, when I say ready, you light this power on top, it won't hurt you, when it flashes you press the bulb.

(G. *darkens office, he and* K. *sit in chairs,* KATE'S *head on his shoulder, his arm around her*).

G.—Ready! (*Kisses her*).

(*Cartridge flashes, dark stage,* K. *steps toward her desk,* G. *places chair back beside door.* M. *attacks* K. *throws her back over her desk.* G. *rushes to separate them, throws* M. *up center.* M. *throws off disguise*).

G.—What does this mean? (*Throws up shade or opens door, light stage, fast business*).

M.—It means I've found you out!

G.—My wife!

Mrs. Greene—Yes, your wife, though I'm ashamed to admit it!

G.—But my dear!

Mrs. G.—Don't *dear* me. I've suspected this for a long time, but only wanted proof and now I have it in here (*Takes kodak*). I'll apply for a divorce and produce this picture in court as evidence of your perfidy.

G.—But, my dear, it was only a joke.

Mrs. G.—A joke was it? Joking when I first came in wasn't you? Your office life must be a continual joke. You thought you could fool me with your thin lies—no use to lie any more, (*moves toward door with kodak*). this is the finish. (*Exit*).

(Katie *has been sitting on the edge of her desk with back to audience, now turns to* G. *down right, one eye black*).

K.—Now this is a pretty mess, isn't it? (*Gets hat and wraps, returns down stage putting on hat*).

G.—Where are you going?

K.—Home, of course!

G.—But, dear, don't leave me now. I love you, Kate, we can get married when she gets her divorce.

K.—Love me? You don't love anybody. Marry you? Nev-er! I only wanted your money, or the money I thought you had the brains to get. I can't blame your wife for swinging on to it. No, Greenie, you had better try to square it up with wifie; but I guess there's no use—I think she's wise. (*Goes to door*).

G.—Don't leave me now, Kate, I love you. I'll kill myself if you throw me over now.

K.—That's a joke, you haven't the nerve—your revolver is in your desk. But wait until I get out before you shoot. I've got a headache. (*Rubs eye*). (*Exit*).

G.—*Sits at desk, takes revolver out of desk and looks it over*) So this is the finish is it? (*Hears girl singing in next office, looks over*). Good-morning, Miss Mabel.

Mabel—Good-morning, Mr. G.

G.—How do you like your job?

Mabel—Not much. The boss is too slow.

G.—Anyone over there?

Mabel—No.
G.—May I come over?
Mabel—Sure — I'm lonesome.

(GRENE *looks at gun, throws it on the desk*).

G.—To Hell with that gun, what's the use? (*Grabs hat and exits*).

—CURTAIN—

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